

# The Visitors' Book.

A YACHTING STORY.

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

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At the conclusion, Mr. Job loosed his neckcloth, and spoke: "That book, sir, ought to be lying on the bottom of the sea. It was lost on the evening of September 2d, 1888, on board a yacht that went down with all hands. Now I'll tell you all about it. There was a gentleman called Blake staying over at Port William that summer—that's four miles up the coast, you know."

"I nodded. '—Staying with his wife and one son, a tall young fellow, aged about twenty-one, maybe. They came from up the country—M— was the place, in Lancashire—and they had a yacht with them, that they kept in Port William harbor, anchored just below the bridge. She would be about thirty tons—a very pretty boat. They had only one hired hand for crew; used to work her themselves for the most part; the lady was extraordinary clever at the helm, or at the sheets either. Very quiet people they were. You might see them most days that summer anchored out on the 'Whit' grounds. What was she called? The Queen of Sheba—cutter rigged—quite a new boat. It was said after that the owner, Mr. Blake, desired her to herself. She used often to put in to Penelven. Know her? Why of course I'd know her, 'specially considerin' what happened."

"What was that? A very sad case; it made a lot of talk at the time. One day—it was the 3d of September '86—the day I spoke about—Mr. and Mrs. Blake and the son, they anchored off the haven and came up here to tea. I supposed at the time they'd left their paid hand, Robertson, on board; but it turned out he was left at home at Port William that day, barkin' a small main-sail that Mr. Blake had brought off purpose for the fishin'. Well, Mrs. Blake she ordered tea, and while my missus was layin' the cloth young Mr. Blake he picks up that very book, sir, that was 'lyn' on the sideboard, and begins readin' it and latin'. My wife she goes out of the room for to cut the bread-and-butter, and when she comes back there was the two gentlemen by the

Job, I made my way to Mrs. Carlingford's lodgings. She had left them two years before; nothing was known of her whereabouts. The landlady could not even tell me whether she had moved from Bedminster, and so I had to let the matter rest. But just fourteen days ago I received the following letter, dated from a work-house in one of the midland counties: "Dear Sir: I am a dying woman and shall probably be dead before this reaches you. The doctor says he cannot give me forty-eight hours. It is angina pectoris, and I suffer horribly at times. The yacht you purchased of me is not the Wasp, but the Queen of Sheba. My husband designed her. He was a man of some property near Limerick; and he and my son were involved in some of the Irish troubles between 1818 and 1821. It was said they had joined one of the brotherhoods and betrayed their oaths. This I am sure was not true. But it is certain we had a year in Liverpool where we were forced to flee to Port William, where we brought the yacht and lived for some time in the house of a small inn at Penelven. But we knew that could not last and had taken measures to escape when need arose. My husband had changed while at Liverpool upon an old yacht dismantled and rotting in the Mersey, but of about the same size as his own, and still of course, upon the register. He bought her of her owner, a Mr. Carlingford, and a stranger, for a very few pounds, and with her what he valued far more—her papers; but he never completed the transfer at the customhouse. His plan was, if pressed, to escape abroad and pass his yacht off as the Wasp and himself as Mr. Carlingford. All the while we lived at Port William the Queen of Sheba was sent on provisions for a voyage of at least three weeks, when the necessity overtook us quite suddenly—the name of a man, Maguire, in the visitors' book of a small inn at Penelven. We left Penelven at dusk that evening, and held steadily up the coast until darkness. Then we turned the yacht's head, and ran for four or five miles, but the weather continuing fine for a good fortnight (our first night at sea was the roughest in all this time), we changed our minds, cleared Lisburn and held right across for Vigo; thence, after revisiting, we cruised slowly down the coast and through the straits, finally reaching Ma-



The Spaniard Shot Him Dead.

laga. There we staid and had the yacht lengthened. My husband had sold his small property before ever we came to Port William and had managed to quiet the whole under the name of Carlingford. There was no difficulty about letters of credit. At each port on the way we had some of the Wasp's papers, and used the name of Carlingford; and at Lisbon we read in an English newspaper about the supposed capizing of the Queen of Sheba. Still we had not only persuaded the officials at the various ports that our boat was the Wasp. We knew that our enemies were harder to delude, and our plan was, if pressed, to escape abroad and pass the yacht off as the Wasp and ourselves as the Queen of Sheba, as possible. This we did by lengthening her and altering her rig. But it proved useless, as I was told by my husband who stood at the wheel, and had not only tracked the yacht, and had her name changed to the Queen of Sheba, but he had hired there an extra hand, came aft as if to speak to my husband (who stood at the wheel), and had him taken on board. We buried my husband in the sea, next day. We held on, we two alone, past Gibraltar—I steering and my son handling the sails—and ran up for Cadix. There we made a deposition of our losses, inventing a story to account for them, and my son took the train for Paris, for we knew that our enemies had tracked the yacht, and there would be no escape for him if he clung to her. I waited for six days, and then engaged a crew and worked the yacht back to Penelven. I have never since set eyes on my son; but he is alive, and his hiding is known to myself and to one man only—a member of the brotherhood, who surprised the secret. To keep that man silent I spent all my remaining money; to quiet him I had to sell the yacht; and now that money, too, is gone, and I am dying in a work-house. God help my son! I deceived you, and yet I think I did you no great wrong. The yacht I sold you was my own, and she was worth the money. The figures on the beam were cut there by my husband before we heached Vigo, to make the yacht correspond with the Wasp's certificate. If I have wronged you I implore your pardon. Yours truly, CATHERINE BLAKE."

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Well, sir, it was just dusk in as they were and stood up towards Port William, the wind blowing pretty steady from the southward. At about ten minutes to 7 o'clock it blew up in a sudden little squall—nothing to mention to the fishers, but just noticed it, and went to it. But it was reckoned that squall capized the Queen of Sheba. She never reached Port William, and no man ever clapped eyes on her after twenty minutes past 6, when Dick Crego declares he saw her off the Howth, half-way toward home, and going steadily under all canvas. The affair caused a lot of stir, here and at Port William, and in the newspapers. Short-handed as they were, of course, they'd no business to carry on as they did, 'specially as my wife declares from her looks that Mr. Blake was feelin' faint afore they started. She always seemed to me a weak, timorous woman at the best; small and allin' to look at. "And Mr. Blake?" "Oh! he was a strong-made gentleman; tall, with a big red beard."

"The son?" "Took after his father, only he hadn't any beard; a fine upstanding pair."

Well, that is the end of the story. It does not, I am aware, quite account for the figure I saw standing by the Siron's wheel. As for the Wasp, she long since rotted to pieces on the waters of the Mersey. But the question is: Have I a right to sell the Siron? I certainly have a right to keep her, for she is mine, sold to me in due form by her rightful owner, and honestly paid for. But then I don't want to keep her."

"No, then lent; but I'll swear upon Mr. Blake had it in his hand as he went from my door."

"I said: 'Mr. Job, I've kept you already too long from your dinner. Go and eat, and take them to send in something for me. Afterwards I want you to come with me and take a look at my yacht that is lying just outside of the haven.'"

## STATE'S BIGGEST LIAR.

How Sam Jones Neatly Turned the Point on His Hearers. From the Hartford (Ga.) Sun. An amusing incident occurred at the close of Sam Jones' sermon at Pulaski the other day. Stepping down from the pulpit, folding his hands across his breast and looking solemnly over the audience, the great revivalist said: "I want all the women in this crowd who have not spoken a harsh word or harbored an unkind thought toward their husbands for a month past to stand up."

One old woman apparently on the shady side of sixty stood up. "Come forward and give me your hand," said the preacher. "The woman did so, whereupon Jones said: 'Now, turn around and let this audience see the best looking woman in the country.' After taking her seat, the revivalist addressed the men: "Now, I want all the men in this crowd who have not spoken a harsh word or harbored an unkind thought toward their wives for a month past to stand up."

Twenty-seven great, big, strapping fellows hopped out of the audience with all the alacrity of champagne corks. "Come forward and give me your hands, my dear boys," Jones gave each one a vigorous shake, after which he ranged all of them side by side in front of the pulpit, and facing the audience. He looked them over carefully and solemnly, and then, turning around to the audience, he said: "I want you all to take a good look at the twenty-seven biggest liars in the state of Tennessee."

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Trains will leave Scranton station for Carbondale and intermediate points at 2.30, 5.00, 8.15, 11.20, 1.30, 4.00, 6.15, 8.30, 11.35 a. m. and 1.30 p. m.

For Fairview, Waymart and Honedale at 2.00, 4.25 and 10.10 a. m., 12.00, 2.30 and 5.15 p. m.

For Albany, Saratoga, the Adirondacks and Montreal at 4.45 a. m. and 2.30 p. m.

For Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 7.45, 8.45, 10.45 and 12.45 p. m., 1.30, 2.30, 4.00, 5.10, 6.05, 8.35 and 11.35 p. m.

Trains will arrive at Scranton station from Carbondale and intermediate points at 7.40, 8.40, 9.50 and 10.40 a. m., 12.00, 1.17, 2.34, 3.40, 4.45, 5.55, 7.45, 8.11 and 11.35 p. m.

From Honedale and Fairview at 9.34 a. m., 12.30, 1.17, 2.40, 5.55 and 10.5 p. m.

From Montreal, Saratoga, Albany, etc. at 4.54 and 1.33 p. m.

From Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 2.15, 8.01, 10.05 and 11.55 a. m., 1.10, 2.14, 2.32, 5.10, 6.08, 7.20, 9.00 and 11.10 p. m.

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North Bound.		South Bound.	
Local	Through	Local	Through
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